The Sea-mans leave taken of his sweetest *Margery*,

AND

Margery her singing loath to depart,
Being very unwilling to leave her Sweet-heart.

To the tune of. *I'le goe through the world with thee.*

Man.

Sweet Margery I am prest to the Sea,
with Gold and Silver in my hand:
I come to take my leave of thée,
and bid adieu to faire England.

Maid.

But wilt thou be gone my Honey sweet,
and must I lose thy company:
Me thinks for thée it is not meet,
to leave thy dearest Margery.

Man.

Sweet Margery I must néeds be gone,
alas there is no remedy:
But be I in company, or alone,
I'le not forget my Margery.

Maid.

I weuld thou couldst my voyage excuse,
for I am loath to part from thée:
When thy sweet presence I doe lose.
I shall be a sorrowfull Margery.

Man.

I prethée be not grieved so,
but take my absence patiently;
For wheresoeber I come or goe,
my heart remaines with Margery,

Maid.

A bird in hand's worth two in the bush,
and when thou art once gone from me;
I doubt thou wilt not care a rush,
what will become of thy Margery.

Man.

I prethée doe not conjecture thus,
nor question my true Constancy;
The Gordian knot which tyeth us,
I'le ne're breake from my Margery.

Maid.

Well if I thought thou wouldst prove true
and beare a faithfull heart to me:
To sorrow I should bid adieu,
as thou tak'st leave of thy Margery.

Man.

Doe not mistrust my love at all,
nor vex thy head with jealousie:
What chance soever me befall,
I'le never forsake my Margery.

Maid.

Excuse me if I judged wrong,
it is my tender love to thée;
Least when thou hast been absent long,
thou might forget thy Margery.

Man.

That can I never for my life,
for I am thine untill I dye:
And if I ever marry a wife,
it shall be my sweet Margery.

Maid.

I prethée doe that before we part,
that joyfull day I might but see;
'Twould put all sorrowes from my heart,
and none so blith as Margery.

The Sea-mans leave taken of his sweetest *Margery*,

AND

Margery her singing loath to depart,
Being very unwilling to leave her Sweet-heart.

To the tune of. *I'le goe through the world with thee.*

Man.

Sweet Margery I am prest to the Sea,
with Gold and Silver in my hand:
I come to take my leave of thée,
and bid adieu to faire England.

Maid.

But wilt thou be gone my Honey sweet,
and must I lose thy company:
Me thinks for thée it is not meet,
to leave thy dearest Margery.

Man.

Sweet Margery I must néeds be gone,
alas there is no remedy:
But be I in company, or alone,
I'le not forget my Margery.

Maid.

I weuld thou couldst my voyage excuse,
for I am loath to part from thée:
When thy sweet presence I doe lose.
I shall be a sorrowfull Margery.

Man.

I prethée be not grieved so,
but take my absence patiently;
For wheresoeber I come or goe,
my heart remaines with Margery,

Maid.

A bird in hand's worth two in the bush,
and when thou art once gone from me;
I doubt thou wilt not care a rush,
what will become of thy Margery.

Man.

I prethée doe not conjecture thus,
nor question my true Constancy;
The Gordian knot which tyeth us,
I'le ne're breake from my Margery.

Maid.

Well if I thought thou wouldst prove true
and beare a faithfull heart to me:
To sorrow I should bid adieu,
as thou tak'st leave of thy Margery.

Man.

Doe not mistrust my love at all,
nor vex thy head with jealousie:
What chance soever me befall,
I'le never forsake my Margery.

Maid.

Excuse me if I judged wrong,
it is my tender love to thée;
Least when thou hast been absent long,
thou might forget thy Margery.

Man.

That can I never for my life,
for I am thine untill I dye:
And if I ever marry a wife,
it shall be my sweet Margery.

Maid.

I prethée doe that before we part,
that joyfull day I might but see;
'Twould put all sorrowes from my heart,
and none so blith as Margery.

The ſecond Part. To the ſame tune.

Man.

BE not ſo haſty, rather ſtay,
for at this time it cannot be;
I muſt aboard this preſent day,
and leave my ſweeteſt Margery.

Maid.

Then take from me a parting kiſſe,
this Point about thine arme I'le tye;
And when thou look'ſt upon thy wriſt,
then thinke upon thy Margery.

Man.

This Point I will eſteeme more deare,
then all the Jewels I ſhall ſee;
Pluck up thy heart and be of good cheare,
till I returne to my Margery.

Maid.

When you doe walke in the Spaniſh ſtreet
and many Gallants paſſe you by;
Your Chamber docks and muſick ſweet,
then you'l forget your Margery.

Man.

I prethee harpe not on that ſtring,
theſe words doe touch my heart full nigh
For I eſteeme no earthly thing,
ſo much as I doe ſweet Margery.

Maid.

Sweet Love forget that word Unkind,
'twas ſpoke thy Patience but to try;
For I am perſwaded in my mind,
thou lov'ſt no Laſſe but Margery.

Man.

I have ſeaven Ships upon the Sea,
and are all laden to the brim;
I am ſo inflam'd with love to thee,
I care not whether they ſinke or ſwim.

Maid.

Henceforth I'le ne're miſtruſt thee more,
nor queſtion thy true loyalty;
Where ever thou art on Sea or Shore,
thou'lt thinke upon thy Margery.

Man.

If any Knight or Gentleman,
doe paſſe the Seas to my Country;
I'le write a Letter with my owne hand,
and ſend it to my Margery.

Maid.

O how ſhall I that Letter kiſſe,
ſo ſoone as ever I it ſpy;
It would preſent a world of bliſſe
unto thy loving Mergery.

Man.

Margery I'le a Gallant prove,
and for thy ſake my valour try:
Though all my kin ſeeke to remove
my thoughts from my ſweet Margery.

Maid.

If I had wiſht before I had kiſt,
that Love had been ſo deare to him;
My heart I would have clos'd in Gold,
and pinn'd it with a Silver pin.

Man.

The time ſweet Margery calls away,
I now muſt leave thy company;
For time and Tide for none will ſtay,
once more farewell ſweet Margery.

Maid.

Once more I'le kiſſe thy ſugred Lips,
and take thy abſence patiently;
Heaven proſper thee, and thy ſeven Ships,
and ſend thee ſafe to Margery.

LONDON, Printed for *Francis Coles*. FINIS.